

Dreaming Of Me by [fanfiction_fanfriction](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Sex, Locker Room, M/M, Masturbation in Shower, Rough Sex, Semi-Public Sex, Sex, Shower Sex, Showers, Voyeurism, Wall Sex

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-25

Updated: 2018-03-25

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:28:56

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,450

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

wall sex + shower sex + voyeurism

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Title: Dreaming of Me, by Depeche Mode

Dreaming Of Me

wall sex + shower sex + voyeurism

The locker room was dead around the time Steve got into them, ever since that one time he got hard while he watched everyone shower he forced himself to sit in his sweaty clothes until everyone left. He had to or else things might get a little complicated. He stripped out of his still damp gym clothes and wiped away from of the stuck on sweat from the back of his neck. He got his things and headed to the showers.

He began to slowly wash his body, getting off the tacked on sweat that made him feel gross. His hands barely ghosted his cock before he thought of practice. He couldn't help it, lately his eyes have been on other boys, their strong features, how they handle things, their strength, it made Steve feel warm. Ever since the fallout with Nancy, his thoughts have been less on soft feminine features, full breasts and warm lips. There was one boy in particular he has been fantasizing about, the embodiment of what he found hot about guys. *A one Billy Hargrove.*

During practice, Billy was practically on top of him, which wasn't help Steve one bit, especially since his gym shorts always rode so high up. *"Keep your eye on the ball, Harrington.", "Aw poor little princess, tripping over yourself", "It's okay, not everyone is good at basketball, even the former king of Hawkins",* every time Steve was met with checks, trips and sometimes Billy putting his entire weight on Steve to knock him off balance. It made Steve use all of his self control not get hard, it was difficult to do so. Especially when Billy did that swipe of his tongue, it made Steve want to see it when he's down on his knees, choking down Billy's cock.

His hand grazed along his cock once more, he bit his bottom lip to keep from making any loud noises, just in case. He didn't even want the rats in the ceiling knowing that he had a thing for Billy. It was hard not too, he reeked of dominance and he'd know how to make

Steve feel so good.

He gripped his cock and placed his hand against the wall, warm water still spraying down his back. He began to tug at his cock in quick movements. He began to pant as pleasure climbed up his spine. He felt so good, he wanted it to be Billy. He wanted Billy, his mind was practically screaming for it.

"Billy." He groaned out, unable to keep his mouth shut for much longer.

"Oh, princess. I'm honoured." He heard, which caused him to freeze up. His hand still securely around his cock. He looked over his shoulder very slowly to see a very naked Billy Hargrove approaching him. He could also see the pile of clothes by the entrance of the shower room.

"Little princess, all hard for me? I remember you telling me not to cream my pants, but here you are in the locker room getting yourself off like the little slut you are."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Billy broke into a grin and shifted his gaze for a moment to Steve's hand, "I was watching you, I came here to have a shower after putting equipment away, but here I find you touching yourself . And then you said my name."

"I didn't say Billy... I said... Dolly! Like Dolly Parton. She's really ho-"

"Shut it, Harrington. You may think I'm deaf, but I'm not. I heard my name." He closed in on Steve's space, "B-I-L-L-Y." With each letter he took a step forward until he was looming over Steve's back.

"No... No, I didn't." There was a slight tremor in Steve's voice. His entire body felt flushed with embarrassment, but at the same time ice cold with the realization that he had been caught.

Billy put his hand on Steve's cheek and gave is a cheek as he slotted his hard cock between them, rubbing up against Steve's hole ever so slightly, "Poor, poor princess. Denying isn't a good look on you."

Steve shuddered at the feeling, he tried to grab a hold on the wall, but that proved useless.

"You like that, you like feeling my cock up against you. I bet you've been thinking about, actually, I'm sure you've been thinking about it. Considering most guys moan out a girls name when touching themselves, do mental images of Wheeler not make you feel like you used to, now you're thinking of me?" He nipped at Steve's hear before he whispered, "I'm honoured, nice to see the princess of Hawkins is finally accepting his place."

Those words alone made Steve's cock jump, he swore to himself but it quickly died in his mind as Billy's hand trailed down to his cock.

Steve heard him make a patronizing noise, a teasing "aw" before Billy's thumb ran down the vein across Steve's cock. "Billy." He whined.

"Shh, shh, princess. It's okay." Billy pulled back a little, "It's going to hurt, but I promise that you'll feel so good okay?"

Steve nodded his head, his mind was still swimming with the thought that he was going to get fucked by Billy Hargrove, right here, right now. He placed his hands on the tile of the shower and nodded his head once more.

Billy slowly pushed inside of Steve, the lack of lube caused him to silently curse to himself.

Steve on the other hand had to quickly clasp a hand over his mouth as he tried not to scream, the stretch burned so badly, but it felt good. It felt better than his fantasies would allow. He banged against the tile for a moment with his one hand before he planted it against it again.

Billy slowly slid in before he began to thrust slowly, keeping a nice, slow, steady pace so he doesn't harm Steve. There was a line between checking in basketball and tearing Steve's hole, plus his hole was quiet cute, cute enough that he wanted to see is slowly leak out lube and come in the near future. Today however, he'll have to do with seeing it covered in come. "That's is princess, that's what you wanted

isn't it?"

Steve nodded his head as he felt his body get pushed up against the tile, his spine curving to accommodate the position.

Billy began to go faster, feeling Steve loosen up a bit around his cock. He felt Steve tremble under his fingertips as he dug them into the thickness of Steve's hips. He felt so tight and so good around his cock. He had never been with someone this tight before, it made his head hazy, it made his cock twitch in delight. He was going to love to have Harrington again and again.

"Princess, we're gonna change things up okay." With quick movements, he pulled out, turned Steve around and hoisted him up, causing Steve to instinctually wrap his legs around Billy's torso. Without another breath, Billy plunged his cock back inside of Steve and began with a quicker pace and he held the other up against the gaudy orange tile of the wall.

"Billy!" Steve squeaked, his legs tightening around Billy's waist, having no leverage put on Billy's wet hair. He bounced with every thrust of Billy's cock. It made his cock twitch, the burning feeling now a simmer in his body as he head felt heavy and clouded with pleasure.

"I like how you say my name princess, I'd like you to say it one day when you have my cock in your throat. Oh baby, you opened the floodgates to something else entirely. Good little princess, you have a lot of learn, but I got you." Billy's purr was a promise, a promise that this will happen again and again. That Billy will make him feel as good as he does now, that Steve better invest in some condoms and lube, princess was not longer a teasing nickname, it was a title in this dynamic.

"Billy, Billy, please." Steve whined, he wanted more, he tugged at Billy's hair and tried to roll his hips, but it only got him pressed harder against the tiled wall.

"Princess." His voice was a tease, "You haven't earned your stripes yet to take control. Just hold on tight for the ride." Steve was about to argue but then Billy began to move as fast as he could, which

caused him to melt a little in his arms. He had never felt anything like this before, he has had sex before, but not like this.

The smell of sex was familiar, but not the position, the person or even location. So much of it should've left Steve's head hanging in shame, but instead he moaned and whined. Shame was thrown to the side as he felt Billy's cock thrust in and out of him.

"Such a pretty princess, now this is the throne you deserve. Aw, how would the entire school feel knowing that their little princess is getting fucked in the showers. What about Wheeler? Or those damn kids?"

Steve whined, "Billy, stop." He tried to move away out of instinct, but Billy's iron grip held him in place.

Billy placed a kiss on Steve's collarbone, a small act of intimacy, "No one will know, after all, I want you to myself." Then bit down on the same area, leaving a flaring red mark across the pale skin.

Steve curled his toes and arched his back, his head still resting against the time.

"Aw, princess likes being bit. I bet Wheeler left some nice ones on you."

"If I wanted to talk about Nancy, I'd be with her right now"

"Aw, seems like you do have some claws." Billy smirked then glided his tongue across his top lip, "By the end of this, you won't have any thoughts of Nancy left in your little fucked out brain."

"Is that a promise?"

"You shouldn't tempt fate like that." Billy groaned as he pushed into Steve as much as he could. Putting it all into fucking him.

Steve felt his orgasm build up in his gut, a pool of warmth and a promise of a feeling that his own hands couldn't provide.

"You look so good like this, are you sure you've only had sex with girls. Because you look too cute to only be eating out girls on your

pretty princess bed in your castle."

Steve nodded his head, the words began to hear like a mumble deep in him. Not fully processing it as his orgasm crept up on him.

"Aw little princess is getting all blissed out. Isn't that adorable." He gave another bite to Steve's collarbone, adding to the one already there. He knew what would rock Steve's world, what would keep true to his word about fucking Steve's brains out. He continued to thrust hard, this time going as deep as he could, trying to find it. He kept his eyes on Steve, examining every little feature. The way his mouth was open, how his eyes were a little hazy, how the fingers in his hand shook like fall leaves. Paired with two large bites on his pale collarbones, he was a sight to behold. "I guess this is your new throne, the King of Hawkins' dick. It's okay, it's quite nice as you can tell already."

Before Steve could come up with a witty remark, a hot, white heat burst through him. Before he knew it he came across their chests and torsos. He was pretty sure it short circuited his mind, frying it for the time being.

"Oh." Billy said, a but surprised by Steve's sudden orgasm, "I guess I must've found your sweet spot." His grin was that of a cat too pleased with itself.

Steve felt like jelly in Billy's grip, a little hazy and caught off guard.

"That felt good didn't it?" He was met with a weak nod from Steve. He continued to thrust erratically in an attempt to chase after his own orgasm. His eyes were even more trained on Steve's blissed out features. He probably did fuck out any thoughts of Wheeler out of Steve's fucked out brain. At least it'll keep him a little quieter for now. "That's it, I'm almost there. I'm almost there. Fuck you look so good, a real fucking treat." With a few more hard thrusts, Billy was coming inside of Steve, the other squirmed a little in his arms, but he kept him in place, "shh, shh, I know it's sticky but it must feel a little good in you" his voice is a little lower, a little more blissed out than before.

Steve nodded his head and let it roll against the tiles. Billy hated

how the tiles in the showers were orange, but with Steve pressed up against them looking at his did. It made them a bit more bearable.

Billy held Steve up for a few more moments after he came, attempting to catch his breath.

Steve looked as equally blissed out as he did minutes prior. It may have inflated Billy's ego a little bit. He placed another kiss on Steve's neck, eating a slight shiver before he helped Steve onto his feet.

Steve couldn't stand long, his limbs not quite working and ended up on the ground, he would've landed harder on his ass if Billy hadn't caught him and placed him down on the floor. He winced at the feeling, not used to his ass hurting this hard.

Billy sat beside him and let the other slump against him. "The longer you're blissed out like this, the more my ego will grow." Billy stated matter-of-factly.

Steve grumbled in response which could be made out to be "oh no".

"Guess I did a number on you, don't worry, the more we do this, the more you'll get used to this feeling."

"Promise." Steve said, a bit more coherent.

"Of course, what is a princess without her king. After all, we already found you a new throne." Billy traced his finger across the bite marks his left. They were going to be blue and black by tomorrow morning.

He could get used to this. Having Steve on his cock, watching him get all blissed out. He whispered into Steve's ear, "If you ever need help like this again, don't hesitate to call for me." Steve nodded his head, his oversensitive cock giving a weak twitch at the tone of Billy's word.

It was a promise and when Steve is out of his trance, he will make good on it.